

There have been contests between the Gentiles—but these have been for distribution.

It was up to give Pioneer the name of T. Kearns, and while, according to the plan, it was built from every point of view, the high Mormon churchmen were against the confiscation. On the other hand, President Lorenzo Snow down to John C. Cutler, the proponent of the plan, was openly commended. That paragon of statesmanship, the present candidate for the United States Senatorship on Republican ticket, made a speech not only indorsing the plan, but offering, as an inducement, the name of W. A. Clarke might perchance honor the city by becoming a citizen of it (God help him) and the City Council was subservient.

There was a contest on in this city between the Rio Grande and Oregon Short Line railroads for the right of a street for traffic purposes, the Oregon Short Line people engaged, for ten years, the upper half of a magnificent structure erected by the church—and the Rio Grande was nominated in the City Council despite the unanimous protest of the Commercial Club of this city, a club organized for and to date devoted solely to the city's welfare.

The sugar industry of this State was organized and given State support to free our citizens from the control and monopoly of outside sugar producers; but the "brethren" did not hesitate to dispose of 50 per cent of the "sugar" stocks to the monopolists of the cut. When it profited them to do so; nor have they hesitated still to hold positions that will enable the monopolists to milk the public cow because of the affection it has for the church calf.

So, also, when a United States Senator was to be elected two years ago, President Snow accepted money from a capitalist and bartered the birthright of the people to a man whose only qualification was wealth and its unscrupulous use so that thrift might prove the price of the debauchery of a people boasting a love of freedom and a servitude to the will of the High God. Go to!

Where is your counter record? Within the church itself the "brethren" are working to the same end, when they can do so independently of Gentiles. Where the "brethren" cannot succeed alone, they fall not to ally themselves with the renegade and the "outsider."

And so we find "God" and Mammon in the saddle, all working for a given end; venal courts are supporting, sycophants are abetting, and the fool people rejoicing that they are God's own and are ruled by those who hold daily communication with the Almighty.

I am waiting to see the electric light monopoly fined for violating the smoke nuisance ordinance; and also to see the city's contract with that same monopoly annulled.

Let there be any mistake, I rise to reiterate that I am waiting to see these wonders.

Meanwhile, I remain THE PESSIMIST.

Ogden Letter.

Within a week we have had the two conventions, the winners and the losers have been nominated, and now comes the battle royal. There is not much question here as to the outcome—the Lord takes care of His own, you know—and the instructions this year to vote the Republican Legislative ticket will carry all the G. O. P. nominees to victory. So far as the county ticket is concerned, the Republicans are entitled to win. All the Republican race horses—Chambers, Hollingsworth, Ellis, Wilson and others—are on the ticket, and they could not lose where the people have a chance to vote for them. The Democrats have a first-class ticket in the field, but it will receive only Democratic support, and in this campaign that is useless.

The Republicans are slated to win and that is why they made so much fuss over their convention. The fight for the Clerkship nomination was billed as the star attraction, and it would have been had not Hollingsworth had a walk-away. The inside facts of that particular trouble show that the certainties in politics are about as uncertain as the uncertainties. The Kearns push had smuggled up behind Matson, in the hope of claiming all his supporters as Kearns people, and the Kearns papers had picked Matson to win. So far as Senatorial, journalistic, financial and other influences went, Matson had all the best of it. But there was a little matter that they had not figured on, and which T. Kearns is not now figuring on—they had not consulted the people.

The fight went merrily along, with the anti-Kearns crowd back of Hollingsworth. Hayes, District Attorney, was the Matson manager, and Howell, Municipal Judge, was the vice-manager. This pair of fat officeholders practically served notice on the party that they had taken charge and the Kearns candidate must cut the water-melon. The result was something frightful. Bill had groomed Hayes and Howell as the new bosses as opposed to Hanson and Murphy, and they proceeded to do the Croker act. Hanson and Murphy took counsel of Bishop Wade and he advised a magic brew cooked with the hot-air of the new bosses. Wade spoke by the card, as the result showed. Hollingsworth had a cinch and the new bosses lasted about as long as it took the dear things to get badly whipped.

In the Clerkship fight, it is only just to Hollingsworth to say that he made his own canvass, and won out. Of course, he had the old-time bosses and the people as allies, but the real fine work was done by Charley himself, and it assayed as fine as they make it. Even Bill recognized Charley's political acumen, by dubbing him the new boss, after Bill's pair of rag-babies, Hayes and Howell, had been frost-bitten. Talking of bosses, it is interesting to note that when the smoke has cleared away Hanson and Murphy are generally seen directing affairs, and it is safe to say they get about all they go after. In the latest skirmish they picked out the people they wanted and the convention ratified the choice, just the same as if Hayes and Howell had never been heard of.

Away and beyond the immediate result, so far as the local situation is concerned, the defeat of the Kearns program shows how infinitesimal is the influence of Tom and how little respect is paid to the Senator's wishes. In the Republican convention and the afterglow, the silver king Senator did not get a call. No Kearns man received a nomination of any kind. The committee is anti-Kearns and the moral effect is anti-Kearns. The Senator, by proxy, went up against it and came away badly bumped. There were some rare political happenings in that convention. Some one played the hand with the capacity of a master. The only avowed Smoot man, H. H. Thomas, failed to get a much coveted nomination for the Legislature. Those who did get nominated have heretofore been Sutherland men. If they are for Smoot, it will be a rush to the band-wagon.

The Legislative ticket is good enough, considering the uses that Utah legislators are put to. There is Mrs. Coulter, by odds the best man on the ticket; Dr. Condon, vacillating and sentimental (he was nominated largely because Bill was booked to drop dead if Condon won); old Uncle Archie McFarland, who was put on the ticket because the Kearns and Smoot people had said he must not be nominated; John C. Child, who became known to fame because he lived in a corner of county that had to have something, so they had Child; for State Senator, staunch Bishop McKay, who came from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and who still likes the name; he was the pick of the lot and his election is a foregone conclusion; he will vote for some one else if Sutherland dies!

The reorganization of the party, by the selection of a new chairman and executive committee, shows clearer than anything else who is shaping party affairs. The chairman and campaign committee are anti-Kearns to a man, and it is said Sutherland can get closer to the chairman, if he wants to, than any one else, besides Hanson. But that is not for publication. Agee is a way-up Republican, and, if he plays with the Hanson crowd, he certainly has not lost sight of the political importance of being with a winner. By the way, Wade is now a party boss. He has been attacked by Bill enough to have become one long ago, but he bided his time, and is now a leader in the party that Bill tried but failed to both rule and ruin.

On Wednesday the Democrats held their get-together pow-wow and listened to Frank Cannon in his new role of "Lost in Salt Lake." Frank still has the capacity of stirring up the dry bones, but his grand-stand plays savor too much of the dramatic to cut much ice in Weber. Besides, he lives here. And then he has bucked the political game from every party standpoint, and his highly-spiced declamations fall to fool even the Democrats. The ticket nominated ranks high in the personnel, but there are only enough Democrats left to make a decent cortege, and so the candidates will have to go to a funeral instead of the pie-counter. Too bad for the poor fellows. But they are only doing it to be patriotic, and they have no business being Democrats, anyway. This is not a Democratic year. The Lord's will be done.



We Buy Railroad Tickets.

We Sell Railroad Tickets.

You can always save money by trading at

GROSHELL'S TICKET OFFICE.
221 MAIN STREET.

Established 15 years and Member of American Ticket Brokers' Association.

F. H. GROSHELL, Manager.

A Decisive Something

Found only in the Aristocratic
\$5.00 Shoe at

HIRSCHMANS

ORIGINATORS AND MAKERS.

SIMON HAMBERGER
President.

L. G. KANSONOFF,
Sec'y & Treas.

H. A. KANSONOFF
Manager.



Ladies' and Children's
Cloaks, Suits, Wrappers,
Skirts, Waists, Kid Gloves,
Notions, Hosiery, Laces
and Underwear.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE LADIES'
FURNISHING HOUSE IN THE CITY.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

228, 230 S. Main St., Salt Lake City